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remained as it was. But, instead of demanding his tulip then, he paid or received the difference of price. This singular species of gambling could, from its nature, only go to limited extent. The value of tulip roots began to fall. The sellers

were then anxious to deliver the roots *in natura*, but the buyers would not receive them. The consequence was, that tulips very speedily fell to their intrinsic value, and the gambling was at an end.

[*Encyclopædia Perthensis.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "PADDY'S SHAKE OF THE HAND," IN THE MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

TRUE, Paddy is generous, candid, and kind;
His hand he extends, nor withholds he his heart;
The seeds of each virtue are sown in his mind,
And with life, before honour, he'd willingly part;
Affection's warm throb ever hallows his breast,
Unsuspecting his nature, and fearless of wrong;
With feeling, good sense, and humanity bless'd,
His heart it is valiant, his arm it is strong.

To paint him, by Nature, thus lib'rally grac'd,
How pleasing the task to the fond partial muse;
But alas! if the colouring to truth would be chaste,
Some blots o'er the portrait she now must diffuse:

Pat's hand it is open, his heart it is free,
A stranger, a foreigner, both may command;

But, Oh! to a brother, should creeds disagree,

Hard, hard, is that heart, and fast elench'd is that hand!

Oh, Bigotry! cold-blooded fiend of the earth,

Engender'd by ignorance, nurtur'd by pride,

But for thee, and the ills to which thou giv'st birth,
Our country might yet stem oppression's high tide:

Alas! how defaced both in worth and in name!

A cipher she stands in the eyes of mankind;

While Britain bestrides the whole earth with her fame,

Poor Erin, o'erwhelm'd, not a footing can find!

Oh, Orangemen! Oh, Greenmen! of this pleasant isle,

What blessings were yours, would ye bliss understand;

Let brotherly love in your bosoms but smile,

Let prejudice die, give each other your hand—

No blot on your portrait the muse then shall view,

Magnanimous, noble, the pride of her song;

No tyrant shall browbeat, no foe shall subdue,

While your hearts remain valiant, your arms remain strong.

MAMMALIA.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

If the following lines should meet your approbation, I would be under an obligation to you to insert them. R. DUFFY was a very intimate acquaintance of mine, and a man who was truly great, but, alas! too like myself, poor. Too often are all the good parts passed over of a poor man,

that would be blazoned to the Heavens in the rich. But that is not the case with your independent Magazine, as I have found with respect to myself.

T.B.

ON A RESPECTABLE LINEN WEAVER,
WHO DIED IN THE PARISH OF
BALLYNURE, ON THE 1ST DAY
OF AUGUST, 1813.

"Pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

GOLDSMITH.

MY Harp! resume thy plaintive tone,
Thy dirge pour on the plaintive ear,
Bid kindred souls with thee to mourn,
And drain from pity's eye the tear.
Oh! DOLLARS, o'er thy fate severe
Remembering friendship long shall weep;
But why thus mourn? thy sorrows are
All sunk in soft oblivion's sleep.

No more thou to disease art chain'd;
No more thou'lt stem affliction's tide;
Thy peaceful haven thou hast gain'd,
And now life's thundering storms subside.
Thee, godlike Virtue deign'd to guide,
Thro' all thy rugged paths obscure,
And bade thee scorn ignoble pride,
And form'd thee honest, great, and poor.

Ennobling independence smil'd,
To see thy soul tun'd by her charms;
And, tho' from fortune far exil'd,
Embrac'd thee in her daring arms.
And while each social passion warms,
Would Fame oblivion's veil remove,

She'd tell how woe's pernicious storms
The more increas'd thy nuptial love.

What tho' no more by friends thou'rt view'd,
While mouldering in the dismal drear,
Reflection o'er thee long shall brood,
And from the bosom draw a tear.
Ev'n conscious Truth bids me declare,
Ere I my humble lay conclude,
That thou wert Virtue's friend sincere,
Who kept the course herself pursu'd.

A VERY LEARNED PARAPHRASE ON
THE FIRST AND SECOND VERSES
OF THE XXIII. CHAPTER OF SO-
LOMON'S PROVERBS. INTENDED
FOR THE USE OF YOUNG DIVINES.

IF you should chance to dine with 'squires,
Or knights who represent our shires,
Or with the rulers of the nation,
All "honourable men" of station;
Before you touch the tempting meat,
Consider well what's on your plate:
For oft you'll see a gobbling glutton,
Devour at once a leg of mutton,
And cram into his gulping gullet,
A leg, a wing, and breast of pullet;
With watering mouth gape at each dish,
Now eating fowl, now eating fish,
Praising the dinner o'er and o'er,
Eat as he ne'er had ate before.
But, hark! if you are one of these,
And if your stomach's ill to please;
If you incline to fill your maw,
And fix on every dish your claw,
Rather than gratify this passion,
Or much indulge this fav'rite fashion.
Attentively this precept note,
"Take up your knife, and cut your throat."

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

Specification of the Patent granted to John Clark, of Bridgewater, in the County of Somerset, Upholsterer, &c.; for a new method of constructing beds, pillows, hammocks, and cushions.

Dated July 14, 1813.

THE said John Clark, do hereby declare, that the nature of my said invention, and the manner in which the same

is to be performed, are ascertained, and particularly described as follows; that is to say: Firstly, I do render the case of the bed, pillow, hammock, or cushion, impervious to air. Secondly, I do strengthen the said case, by inclosing it in another case, which said external case need not be impervious to air. Thirdly, I do fill the aforesaid internal case with common atmospheric air, instead of down or feathers, &c.